Sensitive — encode
when have opportunity

Psych. c1

Here I am going to confess to — or, to be more accurate, brag about — some misdeeds I have committed in the last few years.

There is a small, functioning mine — I'll call it Mine X for future reference — a few miles from my cabin, on the south side of the ridge that runs east from here. They had a large diesel engine mounted on the back of an old truck, apparently for running a large drill for boring holes in rock. In summer '75 I put a small quantity of sugar in the fuel tank of the diesel engine and also in the gas tank of the truck. Sugar in the gas is supposed to severely damage an engine because it gets into the cylinders and acts as an abrasive. But I don't know if this works in diesels (maybe sugar is soluble in gasoline but not in diesel fuel — or something). Somebody used to have an oldish house-trailer parked at an abandoned mine up Fields Gulch; it seemed to be used only in hunting season. In Summer '75 I broke into this trailer by unscrewing some screws and prying off a metal window-frame, ruining it in the process. (I had a strong psychological inhibition against breaking the window, even though it's very unlikely anyone could have been within earshot.) I stole a few cans of food from the trailer. There was a bed under the remains

rain later. (Next summer I noticed the trailer had been removed.) Still in Summer '75 I went to the camp — apparently it is an outfitter's camp — along the divide trail east of the Trout Creek drainage. They have a corral there, and a little way back in the woods, a kind of lean-to with equipment stored in it. I stole an axe (this is the axe I still use), poked holes in several 5-gallon plastic water-containers took the stovepipe and hid it off in the woods, smashed 2 thermometers, and scattered most of the other stuff around. At the end of Summer '75, after the roaring-by of motorcycles near my camp spoiled a hike for me, I put a piece of wire across a trail where cycle-tracks were visible, at about neck height for a motorcyclist. (Next summer I found someone had wrapped the wire safely around a tree. Unfortunately, I doubt anyone was injured by it.) Summer '76 I went back to Mine X and put a generous quantity of sugar in the fuel-tank of the Diesel engine and the gas-tank of the truck. Fall '76, when those guys were taking rock for landfill from near the cabin here, I went at night and put a large quantity of sugar in the gas tank of an old ish pickup truck they had left there. Also in Fall '76 I went to a certain cabin

in Rochester Gulch. From tracks I've seen, I am pretty confident that it is the people who own this cabin who are responsible for much of the motorcycle-roaring that occurs on the ridge that runs east from Baldy. Parked behind the cabin I found 2 snowmobiles and a "coot" (a 4-wheeled off-road vehicle). I sugared the gas on the coot and one of the snowmobiles. Spring '77 I went back to this same cabin. There was a diesel earth-moving machine parked near it, and I sugared the fuel tank. Then I unscrewed a window from its frame (still that inhibition about breaking windows), entered the cabin, stole a trail axe, slashed the mattresses of 6 beds they had there, slashed a sofa, and poured out a 1/3-full bottle of vodka. Summer '77 I set a booby trap intended to kill someone, but I won't say what kind or where, because if this paper is ever found, the trap might be harmlessly removed. But it probably doesn't have more than maybe a 1 in 5 chance of killing or seriously injuring someone. Summer '77 I strung a neck-wire for motorcyclists along the divide trail above Rooster Bill Creek. Later I found the wire was gone. Whether it hurt anyone I don't know. Summer '77, up South Fork Humbug, I shot a cow in the head with my .30-30, then got the hell out of there. I mean a rancher's cow, not an elk cow. Summer '77, I went

Lee Mason's mailbox with my axe in such a way that it looks as if some vehicle might have hit it. Fall '77 I went to some cabins along Dalton Mountain Road. There was one pretentious-looking cabin still not finished on the inside. There was a small house-trailer parked on the lot, immaculately furnished inside. I stole a rusty animal trap I found outside the cabin. Overcoming my earlier inhibition, I smashed most of the windows in the trailer, then reached inside with my rifle and smashed a coleman lantern and 2 gas-lamp fixtures. I smashed 6 panes on the cabin. At the cabin next door I shot a hole in a new tire on a trailer. Then I got the hell out pretty quick, because all this was noisy of course, and close to the road.

As a result of indoctrination since childhood, I had strong inhibitions against doing these things, and it was only at the cost of great effort that I overcame the inhibitions. I think that perhaps I could now kill someone (and I don't mean just set a booby trap having only a fractional chance of success), under circumstances where there was very little chance of getting caught. But I'm not sure I could, because often one's brainwashing turns out to be stronger than one thought.

As for motivation: I hate the technological society. Its

it deprives me of personal autonomy. The technological society may be in some sense inevitable but it is so only because of the way people behave. Consequently I hate people. (I may have some other reasons for hating some people, but the main reason is that people are responsible for the technological society and its associated phenomena, from motor-cycles to computers to psychological controls. Almost anyone who holds steady employment is contributing his part in maintaining the technological society.) Of course, the people I hate most are those who consciously and wilfully promote the technological society, such as scientists, big businessmen, union leaders, politicians, etc., etc. I emphasize that my motivation is personal revenge. I don't pretend to any kind of philosophical or moralistic justification. The concept of morality is simply one of the psychological tools by which society controls people's behavior. My ambition is to kill a scientist, big businessman, government official, or the like. I would also like to kill a Communist.

Aug 21, 1978: I came back to the Chicago area in May, mainly for one reason: So that I could more [illegible]

attempt to murder a scientist, businessman, or the like. Before leaving Montana, I made a bomb in a kind of box, designed to explode when the box was opened. This was a long, narrow box. I picked the name of an electrical engineering professor out of the catalogue of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and addressed the bomb-package to him. I took the package to downtown Chicago, intending to mail it from there (this was in late May, I think around the 28th or 29th), but it didn't fit in mail boxes, and the post-office package-drops I checked did not look as if they would swallow such a long package except in one post-office (Merchandise Mart); but that was where I had bought stamps for the package a few days before, so I was afraid to go there again because going there twice in a short time, my face might be remembered. So I took the bomb over to the U. of Illinois Chicago Circle Campus, and surreptitiously dropped it between two parked cars in the lot near the science and technology buildings. I hoped that a student—preferably one in a scientific field—would pick it up, and would either be a good citizen and take the package to a post office to be sent to Rensselaer, or would open the package himself and blow his hands off, or get killed. I checked the newspapers carefully afterward but could get no information about the outcome of what I did—the papers seem to report only crimes of special importance. I have not the least feeling of guilt about this—on the contrary, I am proud of what I did. But I wish I had some assurance that I succeeded in

killing or maiming someone. I (I am now working, in odd moments, on another bomb.

May 31, 1979. The bomb mentioned just above used match-heads as an explosive. Earlier this month I left it in a room marked "graduate student research" at the Technological Institute at Northwestern University. The bomb was in a cigar box and was arranged to go off when the box was opened. I did it this way instead of mailing the bomb to someone because an unexpected package in the mail might arouse suspicion, especially since a short while before there had been an incident in the news where cops in Alabama had been killed and maimed by a bomb sent them in the mail.

According to the newspaper, a "graduate researcher" at Northwestern was "hospitalized with cuts on the arms and burns around the eyes" as a result of my bomb. (Tribune, May 9) Unfortunately, I didn't notice anything in the article indicating that he would suffer any permanent disability. I figured the bomb was probably not powerful enough to kill (unless one of the lead pellets I put in it happened to penetrate a vital organ). But I had hoped that the victim would be blinded or have his hands blown off or be otherwise maimed. Actually, the guy might have been blinded if he hadn't been wearing glasses. The article said his "eyeglasses were blown off." He had burns around the eyes, and maybe he would have had burns in the eyes if his

glasses hadn't momentarily retarded the flow of hot gasses. Well, at least I put him in the hospital, which is better than nothing. But not enough to satisfy me. Well, live and learn. No more match-head bombs. I wish I knew how to get hold of some dynamite.

By the way, my motive for keeping these notes separate from the others is the obvious one. Some of my other notes contain hints of crime, but no actual accounts of felonies. But <u>these</u> notes must be <u>very</u> carefully kept from everyone's eyes. Kept separate from the other notes they make a small, compact packet, easily concealed.